

The Address

OF

John Dryden, Laureat,

To His Highness the Prince of
O R A N G E.

IN all th' Hosannah's, our whole World's Applause,
 Illustrious Champion of our Church and Laws;
 Accept, Great *N A S S A W*, from unworthy Me,
 Amongst th' Adoring Crowd, a bended Knee:
 Nor Scruple, Sir, to hear my Ecchoing Lyre,
 Strung, Tun'd, and Joyn'd in th' Universal Quire;
 From my suspected Mouth, Thy Glories told,
 A known Out-lyer from the English *Fold*,
Romes Votary, the Protestant sworn *Foe*——
Rome!—— my Religion, half an hour ago.
 My Roman Dagon's by thy Arm or'ethrown;
 And now my Profelyted Soul's Thy own.
 Thy Glory would convert that Infidel,
 That had whole Ages stood Immoveable.
 No wonder then Thou canst Affections sway
 In Tender Breasts like mine, such pliant Clay,
 As could even bear new Moulding twice a day.

Nor doubt thy Convert True, I who could raise
 Immortal Trophies, even to CROMWELL's Praise:
 I who my Muses Infant Quill could Fledge,
 With high-fung Murder, Treason, Sacrilege:
 A Martyr'd Monarch, and an Enslav'd Nation,
 A Kingdom's shame, the whole V World's Execration,
 By me Translated even t'a Constellation.

If this, all this, I could unblushing Write;
 Fear not that Pen that shall Thy Praise Endite:
 Where High-Born-Blood my Adoration draws,
 Exalted Glory, an Unblemish'd Cause.

A Theme so all Divine, my Muse shall wing,
 What is't, Great Prince, for Thee I will not sing?
 No bounds shall stop my *Pegasean* flight,

I'll spot my Hinde, and wash my Panther white.

Against the seven proud Hills I'll Muster all
 My keen Poetick Rage, and Rhime with all
 The Vengeance of a second *Hannibal*:

The Papal Chair by dint of Verse overturn;
 My Moulten Gods, like *Israels* Calf, I'll burn;
 Copes, Crostiers, all the Trumpery of *Rome*,
 Doom'd to Great *Waller's* Blazing Hecatomb:
 I'll pound my Beads to dust, and wear no more
 Those *Pagan* Bracelets of the Scarlet VVhore.

But whether am I rapt! for, oh! my Fears!

I bend beneath the weight of sixty Years:

Low runs my Glass, more low my Aged Muse,
 And to my Will, alas, does Power refuse.

But if, Great Prince, my feeble strength shall faile;

This Theme I'll to my Successors entayle:

My Heirs th' Unfinisht Subject shall Compleat.

I have a Son, and he, by all that's Great;

That very Son (and trust my Oaths; I Swore
 As much to my Great Master *JAMES* before)

Shall

Shall by his Sire's Example, *Rome* renounce ;
 For he, young Stripling, yet has turn'd but once.
 That *Oxford* Nursling-plant, that hopeful Boy,
 His Father's, and the once *Ignatian* Joy,
 Design'd for a new *Bellarmino* Goliath
 Under the great *Gamaliel*, *Obadiah*,
 That Youth, great Sir, shall your Fames Trumpet blow,
 And soar, when my dull Wing shall flag below :
 A Protestant *Herculean* Column stand,
 When I, a poor weak Pillar of the Land,
 Now growing old, am crumbling into Sand. }

But hark ; methinks I hear the buzzing Crowd
 At my Conversion dare to laugh aloud.
 Let Cens'ring Fopps, and snarling Envy grin,
 Tickled and pleas'd with my *Camelion* Skin.
 No ; senseless Fools, my true Dimensions scan,
 And know the *Laureat*'s a *Leviathan*.
 Now *Tyburn*'s Mouth ebbs low, and on that shore
 My rowling Bulk, alas, can sport no more :
 Down the full Tide I scowr, to take a loose
 In the more swelling Surge at *Haver-Sluis*.
 Let chatt'ring *Daws*, and every senseless *Widgeon*,
 Their descant pass on that great Name, *Religion* ;
 Religion, by true Politician Rules,
 The Wise Man's strength, and the weak-side of Fools.
 For we, who Godliness for Gain support,
 Heav'n's Votaries for Candidates at Court,
 Make our Church walls, our *Rampart*, *Sconce* & *Fort*.
 Our *Masses*, *Dirges*, *Vespers*, *Orisons* ;
 Our *Counter-scarps*, our *Ravelins*, and *Half-Moons*.
 And now our *Avenary*'s put to th' Rout,
 And from that *Bastion*, I am beaten out ;
 I'm but retiring to a new Redoubt. }

Why should I blush to turn, when my defence
 And Plea's so plain ? For if *Omnipotence*

Beth' highest Attribute that Heaven can boast ;
 That's the tru'st Church that Heaven resembles most.
 The Tables then are turn'd, and 'tis confest,
 The strongest and the mightiest is the best.
 In all my changes then, I'm o'th' right side ;
 And by the same great Reason justifi'd ;
 When the bold *Crescent* late Attacqu'd the Cross,
 Resolv'd the Empire of the World t'ingross,
 Had tottering *Vienna's* Walls but fail'd,
 And *Turkey* over *Christendom* prevail'd :
 Long, long e'er this, I had past the *Dardanello*,
 And sat the mighty *Mahomers* Hayl-fellow :
 Quitted my duller Hopes, the poor Renown
 Of *Eaton* Colledge, or a *Dublin* Gown ;
 And commenc'd Graduate in the great *Divan*,
 Had raign'd a more Immortal *Mussulman*.
 No Art, Pain, Labour, toyl's too much, t' assail
 Heavens Towry Battlement ; my Heaven I'd scale
 Thro' all Religions, *Church* o'er *Churches* mounted,
 More than the Rounds that *Jacob's* Ladder counted.
 Has this stupendious Revolution past ;
 A change so quick, and I not turn as fast ?
 Let boggling Conscience shock the squeamish Fool,
 Poor crazy Animals, whose Stomachs pule :
 Shall scrup'lous Tastes disgust their *Paschal*, stickle
 Whether true drest in Sowce, or Broth, or Pickle ?
 If *Muscadine* runs 'ow, I'm not so dull,
 But I can pledge Salvation in *Lambs-Wool*.
 And if Salvation to one Church is bound,
 So much the rather would I change all round.
 Change then can be no fault : A whole Life long
 Kept in one *Church*, may always be i'th' wrong.
 But there where *Conscience* circles in her flight,
 We who're of all sides, must be once i'th' Right.